

Letter from a Misplaced Soul

I remember it the way it was.

Not the way they say it is now. Not the way the books, broadcasts, or revised verses present it. I remember what came **before**. And every time I see a Mandela Effect discussed—whether in curiosity, denial, or mockery—I feel the quiet ache of knowing that something changed, and I did not.

Nelson Mandela died in prison. I saw the news reports. Heard it on the radio. Read it in the paper. There were weeks of discussion. His widow—yes, his widow—argued for the rights to his life story. That was real. I remember.

"The lion shall lie down with the lamb." Not the wolf. I grew up in the church. I studied religion with reverence. We were taught those words as prophecy, as peace embodied in scripture. A lion and a lamb—strength and gentleness together. I never saw a wolf until this strange timeline told me I was wrong.

The Monopoly Man had a monocle. He looks incomplete without it. Off. Like a joke with no punchline.

The Berenstain Bears—**stein**, like a name, like a family name with roots. I remember our teachers correcting us on how to say it because they said it was Jewish. We would have laughed at "stain." We **would have noticed.**

Looney Toons. Not "Tunes." It was always about cartoons—not music.

"Mirror, mirror on the wall." That was the line. Not "Magic mirror." Every child knew it. Every parent repeated it. It was part of our cultural rhythm.

Febreze had two Es. F-E-B-R-E-E-Z-E. I remember seeing the bottle and thinking how odd it looked. Like a made-up word—but symmetrical. It was clearly meant to evoke the idea of a 'fresh breeze.' Even their old advertising leaned into that imagery—freshness flowing through the room like air. Now they say it was never spelled that way? That doesn't match what I remember at all.

Oscar Mayer was spelled M-A-Y-E-R. We even sang the song: "My bologna has a first name, it's O-S-C-A-R... My bologna has a second name, it's M-A-Y-E-R." It was clear as day. The commercial, the jingle—everything reinforced it. Now some people say it's 'Meyer'? That's not just a misspelling, it rewrites an entire childhood memory. The song was everywhere. We all knew it.

The Lindbergh baby was never found. That was the tragedy. That was the whole story. I never heard anything else—ever. Not from school, not from television, not even in documentaries. But now they say he was recovered? That came out of nowhere. That's not what I was taught. That's not what I lived.

C-3PO was all gold. That's how I remember him. That's how the action figure looked, how the costumes were made, how he appeared on posters and cereal boxes. But now they say one of his legs was silver in *A New Hope*. Not dusty, not weathered—flat-out silver. I don't believe it. I watched that movie countless times. I would've seen it. We all would have.

Chartreuse? I never really paid much attention to fancy color names, but I always thought it was some kind of reddish or pink shade. Now they say it's green? That doesn't feel right, even if I can't explain why. It sure doesn't sound like green to me.

I don't really remember Pikachu or Kit-Kat that well. Those weren't things I paid much attention to. But it's still interesting—because if so many others do remember them differently, it adds to the mystery. Maybe it's not about *every* example hitting home—maybe it's about *enough* of them lining up to say something's wrong.

Fruit of the Loom had a cornucopia behind the fruit. I can picture it even now—apples, grapes, leaves spilling out of a woven horn. It made sense. It matched the name. But now? They say it never had one.

The Thinker statue had his fist to his forehead. That was the pose. That's how it was depicted in art books, museums, even cartoons. Now the hand is under the chin? That's not how I remember it.

There were six people in the car when JFK was shot. It was a convertible Lincoln with suicide doors—long, elegant, and unmistakable. I've seen the footage—six heads, six seats. A larger car. This wasn't some hazy half-memory; it was vivid. It's not a detail I would get wrong. Strangely, some people now say there were only four in the car. But I always knew there were six. I remember the layout, the doors, the size. That part never changed for me. But the fact that so many others remember it differently? That's what's unsettling.

And the “Tank Man” of Tiananmen Square? I remember him being run over. Brutally. It was horrifying. That's what made the image so powerful—the courage in the face of impossible violence. And beyond that, I remember that people died there. Many people. It wasn't just a symbolic standoff. It was a massacre. If no one died, why did the story matter? Why was it controversial? Why was it suppressed? Now they say he wasn't run over? That he simply walked away? That people weren't killed? That's not just a distortion—it's a rewrite of history.

Something changed. Something is *changing*.

And the music? Even that's shifted. I remember the end of “We Are the Champions” ending with the line: “*of the world!*” It was triumphant. Final. Every time the song played—whether on the radio, in movies, or during sports events—it ended that way. But now, the official recording doesn't. It just... stops. It feels incomplete. Like it's waiting for something that never arrives.

And Sinbad—he played a genie. I remember that. It was called *Shazaam*. It was silly, low budget, probably not a great film—but it existed. We joked about it. I was confused when people said it never happened.

I also remember *Interview with a Vampire*. Not *the* Vampire. That subtle shift in title changes the whole tone. It was everywhere—on posters, VHS tapes, movie marathons. You don't misremember a title that iconic.

And in *Field of Dreams*, the voice said, “If you build it, they will come.” Not “he.” *They*. That's what made it universal. That's why it stuck. It was about hope for everyone, not just one man.

New Zealand is in the wrong place. At least, that's how it feels to me. I remember it being northeast of Australia—somewhere above, closer to the curve of the Coral Sea. But now it sits to the southeast, as if

it drifted overnight. I studied maps. I watched documentaries. I would've noticed this. And yet, the world now claims it was always there. It wasn't. Not where I'm from.

"Luke, I am your father." That was the line. I saw Star Wars when it came out in the theater. That moment was unforgettable. People quoted it everywhere—it echoed through playgrounds, commercials, and late-night TV sketches. I don't know when it changed, but by the time it did, I had already stopped watching. Still, I *know* what I heard. That line was burned into the cultural memory for a reason. Now they say it was "No, I am your father"? That makes no sense in context. The entire cultural memory says otherwise.

Mona Lisa used to be solemn. I always thought it was a self-portrait of da Vinci as a woman—strange, poorly blended, and expressionless. That was the whole mystique. No smile. No smirk. Just a soft, haunted stare. Now? She has a little grin, a smugness, like she knows something you don't. That's not the painting I saw in textbooks growing up.

"Life is like a box of chocolates." That's what Forrest Gump said. An iconic line. Unforgettable. I can still hear it in his voice—*Mama always said, life is like a box of chocolates*. Now they say it's "Life was like a box of chocolates"? That doesn't even sound right. If life *was* like a box of chocolates... what is it now? Did we lose the wonder? The randomness? Did someone decide to flatten out the possibilities? The whole line loses its magic. It's not just incorrect—it feels empty, like someone rewrote the script but forgot the soul. The whole line loses its magic. It's not just incorrect—it feels empty, like someone rewrote the script but forgot the soul.

"Sex in the City." That was the name of the show. I never watched it—I was a good boy. But even without seeing it, I remember people saying it that way. Now it's "Sex *and* the City"? That's not what people called it back then.

Mr. Rogers' theme song started with "It's a beautiful day in *the* neighborhood." I know this because I watched it all the time—and I used to sing it out loud in the mornings to wake my kids. "It's a beautiful day in the neighborhood, a beautiful day for a neighbor..." It was part of our routine. Now they say it was "this" neighborhood? That doesn't even fit the rhythm, let alone the memory.

There was a hyphen in "Smokey Bear." It was "Smokey the Bear." That's what we called him. It was taught to us in school. We sang the song. We colored posters with the full phrase: Smokey *the* Bear. It wasn't just a nickname—it was his name. Now they say it was never there? That's not just revisionist—it's absurd. That phrase was burned into the minds of children for generations. I was one of them.

And Curious George? He had a tail. I'm pretty sure I remember him hanging from his tail sometimes. That's what monkeys do. You can't do that without a tail. But now? No tail. They say he *never* had one.

I watched the Flintstones every day after school and twice on Saturday. I would have known if it was Flint or Flin. It was *Flintstones*—because they were cavemen. A flintstone is used to create a spark, to start a fire. It made perfect sense. I have no idea what a "Flintstone" would even be. That's definitely been changed.

And VW? The Volkswagen logo didn't have a gap. The V and the W were fused—interlocking. Now there's a little line between them? I would've noticed. We all would have.

These aren't small mistakes. They're stitches unraveling.

Even the way microwaves work feels different. I remember when they first came out, they heated the food—but not the plates or containers. That was the whole appeal: fast, focused heat. Now? The plates get scorching hot, sometimes hotter than the food. I don't remember it being like that. Something changed. Or maybe the rules did.

The Lord's Prayer always said, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." That's what I was taught. That's what I heard every Sunday. Now it's "debts"? That's not how I learned it. That's not how I prayed it.

And Luke 19:27? I never heard Jesus say anything like that. Bring people before him and slay them? That's not the message I remember. He would've called them to be blessed, to be taught—not violently killed. That entire verse feels foreign.

I also remember the beginning of Genesis as: "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth." Plural. Heavens. That made sense—the sky, the stars, the cosmos. Now it says "heaven" singular? That feels wrong.

And the heart? That one really surprised me. I was always taught it was on the left. Slightly off-center, yes—but still the left side of the chest. That's why we place our hand there during pledges, prayers, or moments of respect. I still do. That's why doctors listened with their stethoscopes on the left side. Now they say the heart is in the center of the chest, behind the sternum? That's not what I was taught. And don't even get me started on the kidneys. They say they're up under the ribcage now? I still feel mine in my lower back. That's where I feel soreness after a long shift or when I'm dehydrated. They didn't move. Something else did.

Reality doesn't feel stable anymore. But maybe it never was.

And yet here I am, surrounded by a world that insists none of these things ever happened. That I misremember. That *millions* of us are all wrong in the same exact way.

No. That is not how memory works. That is not how reality works.

So I wonder: Was there a moment when time cracked? Did someone go back and change something vital? Did we jump timelines, Earths, dimensions? Or was I—were we—*inserted* into this version of reality, bringing with us the echoes of what used to be?

And if that's true, then who else came with me?

Because there are others. I've found them. People who remember the same things. People who carry the same confusion, the same quiet certainty. Maybe we're fragments of a lost version of Earth. Maybe we are refugees of a rewritten timeline.

Sometimes I wonder if we're meant to find each other. To rebuild something. To keep the memory of the true past alive.

Or maybe... just maybe... we are here to make sure this doesn't happen again.

Whatever the reason, I know this:

I remember.

And I am not alone.

As a time traveler, I've thought about this from another angle, too. What if this isn't just a strange quirk of memory or reality—but the result of someone using time travel *on purpose* to change small things? Maybe not to cause chaos, but simply... to entertain themselves. A subtle nudge here, a word swap there. Just enough to make those of us who remember feel disoriented.

But some of these changes feel strategic. *Trespases* to *debts* makes it sound like owing money is a greater sin than harming someone. The *lion* becomes a *wolf*, and suddenly the scripture carries a different tone—one of predation, not peace. Was that random? Or was it seeded?

It's not just about what we remember. It's about *why* it was changed. What if these subtle edits are part of a larger psychological experiment, a shift in spiritual tone, or even a long-term mission to alter human perception? Maybe the changes are small so they slide under the radar, but their effects... compound over time.

Whatever this is—glitch, tampering, insertion, or mission—I'm still here. And I'm still remembering. And now, so are you.